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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Disobedient Child

By THOMAS INGELEND

Date of only Known Edition, 1570?

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Disobedient Child

By THOMAS INGELEND

[1570?]

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MCMVIII

The Disobedient Child

By THOMAS INGELEND

Copies of this play, one of the rarest and best of the pre-Shakespearean dramas, and of which apparently there was only one edition, are in the British Museum (C. 34, c. 35) *and in the Bodleian Libraries. Another copy turned up in "the Irish find" of* 1906, *and when brought to auction-sale was bought by Mr. Quaritch, who now catalogues it at* £284 !

The British Museum authorities give the date as "[1570]," *but there are reasons for thinking* 1560, *or thereabouts, nearer the mark.*

Of the author nothing is known beyond the fact that, as stated on the title-page, he was when the play was printed "late Student in Cambridge."

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, reports that "the thinness of the paper of the original, and consequent showing through of the ink from the other side, makes many of the pages look blurred and difficult to read; and this defect is necessarily to some

slight extent intensified in the photographs. I do not see how this could have been avoided; and in all other respects the reproduction is excellent."

Specific criticism is as follows:—

(1) B. *i.* verso, *line* 20, *the* ou *of* thou *is clearly printed in the original. A stain on the paper is somewhat over-exaggerated in the reproduction.*

(2) D. *iv.* verso, *lines* 5–12 *are printed too heavily, and some letters are smudged which in original are clear.*

(3) E. *iv. line* 15, *the second* m *of* cõmaundement *has no flaw in the original.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

A prety and Mery new Enterlude: called the Disobedient Child.

Compiled by Thomas Ingelend late Student in Cambridge.

Imprinted at London in Fletestrete, beneath the Conduit by Thomas Colwell.

¶ The Players names.

¶ The Prologue speaker.
¶ The Rycheman.
¶ The Rychemans sonne.
¶ The Mancooke.
¶ The Womancooke.
¶ The young woman.
¶ The Seruingman.
¶ The Priest.
¶ The Deuyll.
¶ The Perorator.

¶ The Prologue speaker.

NOwe forasmuche as in these latter dayes,
Throughout the whole world in euery lande
Vice doth encrease, and Vertue decayes
Iniquitie haunge the vpper hande.
We therfore intende, good gentle Audience,
A prettie short Interlude, to playe at this present
Desyrynge your leaue and quiet silence
To shewe the same, as is mete and expedient.
The sume wherof, matter and argument,
In two or thre verses, briefely to declare,
Synce that it is for an honest intent,
I wyll somewhat bestowe my care.
In the Citie of London, there was a ryche man
Who louynge his sonne moste tenderlye,
Moued hym earnestly now and than,
That he would gyue his mynde to studye.
Sayinge that by knowledge, scyence, and learnynge
Is at the last gotten a pleasaunt lyfe:
But throughe the want, and lacke of this thynge
Is purchased powertie, sorowe, and stryfe.
His Sonne notwithstandynge, this gentle monicion
Is one that was cleane deuoyde of grace,
Dyd turne to a mocke, and open derysion
Moste wickedly with an vnshamefast face.
In so muche that contrarye to his fathers wyll
Unto a ponge woman he dyd consente,
Wherby of iuste he might haue his fyll,
And maryed the same incontynente.
Not longe after that, the childe began
To feele his wyffes great frowardenes,

And called hymselfe vnhappye man,
Oppressed with paynes and heavynes.
Who before that time, dyd lyue blessedly,
Whill he was vnder his fathers wynge
But nowe beynge weddyd, mournynge and mysery
Dyd hym torment without endynge,
But nowe it is tyme for me to be goynge,
And hence to departe for a certeyne space,
For I do heare the Ryche man cõmynge
With the wanton boye into this place.

¶Here the Prologue speaker goeth out, and in cõmeth the Ryche man and his sonne.

¶The Sonne.

FAther I beseche you father, shewe me the waye
What thynge I were best to take in hand,
Wherby this shorte lyfe so spende I maye
That all greefe and trouble, I myght withstande.

¶The Father.

¶What is the meanynge (my childe) I the praye
This question to demaunde of me?
For that thynge to do, I am glad always
Which shoulde not be greuous to the.

¶The Sonne.

¶Mary but therfore, of you counsell I take,
Seynge nowe my Childehood, I am cleane past,
That vnto me, ye playnely do make,
What to a youngman is best for to tast.

¶The

¶ The Father.

¶ I see nothinge truely my Sonne so mete
And to proue so profytable for the
As vnto the Schole to moue thy feete,
With studious Laddes, there for to be.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ What the Schole-naye father, naye,
Go to the Schole is not the best waye.

¶ The father.

¶ Saye what thou lyste, for I can not inuent
A waye more cõmodyous in my Iudgement.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ It is well knowne howe that ye haue loued
Me heretofore at all tymes most tenderlye
But now (me thynke) ye haue playnely shewed
Certayne tokens of hatred.
For if I shoulde go to my Booke after your aduyse
Whiche haue spent my Chyldehood so pleasauntlye,
I maye then seeme dryuen out of Paradyse
To take payne and woe, greefe and myserye.
All thynges I had rather sustayne and abyde
The busynes of the Schole ones cast aside,
Therfore thoughe ye crye tyll ye reue asunder
I wyll not meddle with such a matter.

¶ The Father.

¶ Why can not I thee thus much perswade
For that in my wynde is the best trade.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ When all is saide and all is done,
Concernynge all thynges both more and lesse
Yet lyke to the Schole none vnder the Sonne
Bryngeth to childzen so much beautye.

¶ The father.

¶ What though it be paynfull, what though it be greuous,
For so be all thynges at the fyrste learnynge,
yet meruaylous pleasure it bryngeth vnto vs
As a reward for suche paynes takynge.
Wherfore come of and be of good cheare
And go to thy Booke without any feare
For a man without knowledge(as I haue read)
Maye well be compared to one that is dead.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ No more of the Schole, no more of the Booke
That woefull worke is not for my purpose
For vpon those Bookes I maye not looke,
If so I dyd, my labour I should lose.

¶ The Father.

¶ Why than to me thy fansye expresse
That the Schole matters to the are counted werynesse

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Euen as to a great man, wealthy and ryche
Seruice and bondage is a harde thynge
So to a Boye both dayntie and nyce
Learnynge and studye is greatly displeasynge.

¶ The father.

¶ What my Childe, displeasynge I prayse thee
That maketh a man lyue so happyly.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Yea by my trouthe, suche kynde of wysdome
Is to my hearte I tell you, verye lothesome.

¶ The Father.

¶ What tryall therof hast thou taken
That the Scole of thee is so ill bespoken

¶ The Sonne.

¶ What

¶ What tryall therof woulde ye fayne knowe?
Nothynge more easye then this to showe:
At other boyes handes, I haue it learned,
And that of those truelye most of all other
Which for a certen tyme haue remayned
In the house and pryson of a Scholemayster

¶ The Father.

¶ I dare well saye, that there is no myserye
But rather Joye, pastyme, and pleasure
Alwayes with Scholers kepynge company,
No lyfe to this, I the well assure.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ It is not true Father which you do saye,
The contrarye therof is proued alwaye.
For as the Brute goeth by many a one,
Their tender bodyes both nyght and daye
Are whypped and scourged, and beate lyke a stone
That from toppe to toe, the skyn is awaye.

¶ The Father.

¶ Is there not (saye they) for them in this case,
Gyuen other whyle for pardone some place?

¶ The Sonne.

¶ None truely none, but that alas, alas
Diseases amonge them do growe apase.
For out of their backe and syde doth floe,
Of verye goore bloode merueylous abundance,
And yet for all that is not suffered to goe,
Tyll death be almost seene in their countinaunce.
Shoulde I be content then thyther to runne,
Where the bloude from my breeche thus shoulde spuane,
So longe as my wyttes shall be myne owne,
The Scholehouse for me shall stande alone.

¶ The

¶ The Father.

¶ But I am sure that this kynde of facion
Is not shewed to children of honest condicion.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Of trouth with these Maisters is no dyfference
For alyke towardes all, is their wrathe and violence.

¶ The Father.

¶ Sonne in this poynt, thou art quyte deceyued
And without doubte falsely perswaded
For it is not to be iudged that any Scholemayster,
Is of so great fiersenes and crueltye
And of yonge Infantes so sore a tormenter
That the breath shoulde be about to leaue the bodye.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Father this thynge I coulde not haue beleued
But of late dayes I dyd beholde
An honest mannes sonne hereby buryed
Which throughe many strypes was dead and colde.

¶ The Father.

¶ Perauenture the Childe of some disease did laboure
Which was the cause of his Sepulture.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ With no disease surely, was he disquieted,
As vnto me it was then reported.

¶ The Father.

¶ If that with no such thynge he were infected
What was the cause that he departed.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Men saye, that of this man, his bloudy mayster
Wholyke a Lyon most cōmonly frowned,
Beynge hanged vp by the heeles togyther
Was dealy and buttocke greuoustye whipped.

And

And last of all(whiche to speake I tremble)
That his head to the wall he had often crusched.

¶ The Father.

¶ Thus to thynke Sonne, thou art begupled verelye,
And I woulde wysshe the to suppose the contrary.
And not for suche tales my counsell to forsake
Which only do couet thee learned to make.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ If Demosthenes and Tully were present truely
They coulde not prynt it within my head depely.

¶ The Father.

¶ yet by thy fathers wyll and intercession,
Thou shalt be content that thinge to pardon.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Commaunde what ye lyst, that onely excepted,
And I will by redy ouer mynde to fulfyll,
But where as I shulde to the Schole haue resorted
My hande to the Palmer submyttynge styll.
I wyll not obey ye therin to be playne,
Thoughe with a thousande strokes I be slayne.

¶ The Father.

¶ Wo is me my Sonne, wo is me,
This heauy and dolefull daye to see.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ I graunt in dede, I am your Sonne,
But you my father shall not be,
If that ye wyll cast me into that pryson,
Where torne in peices ye myght me see.

¶ The father.

¶ Where I myght see the torne and rente
O Lord I coulde not suche a dede inuent.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Nay by the Masse, I holde ye a grote
Those cruell tyrauntes cut not my throte:
Better it were my selfe dyd slepe,
Then they with the Rodde my flesshe shoulde stepe.
Well I woulde we dyd this talke omyt,
For it is lothesome to me euery whyt.

¶ The father.

¶ What trade then (I praye the) shall I deuyse
Wherof thy lyuinge at length maye aryse.
Wilte thou folowe Warfare, and a Souldiour be pointed,
And so amonge Troyans and Romaynes be nombred,

¶ The Sonne.

¶ See ye not maysters my fathers aduyse
Haue ye the lyke at any time harde.
To wyll me therto, he is not wyse
If my yeares and strength he dyd regarde,
ye speake worse and worse, what soeuer ye saye
This maner of life is not a good waye.
For no byrde of office can me please,
Which is subiecte to woundes and strokes alwaies.

¶ The father.

¶ Somwhat to do, it is mete and conuenient,
Wylte thou then gyue thy dylygent endeuoure
To let thy youth vnhonestly be spent
And do as poore knaues, which Jakes do scoure.
For I do not see that any good Arte
Or eis any honest Science, or occupacion
Thou wylte be content to haue a parte
After thy fathers mynde and exhortacion.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Ha, ha, ha, a labourte in verye deede,
God send hym that lyfe which standes in neede.

There

There be many fathers that chyldren haue
And yet not make the worst of them a slaue,
Wight not you of your selfe be well a shamed
Which wolde haue your sonne thyther constrayned.

¶ The father.

¶ I woulde not haue the dryuen to that succoure,
yet for bycause the Scriptures declare,
That he shoulde not eate, which wyll not labour
Some worke to do it must be thy care.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Father, it is but a folye with you to stryue
But yet notwithstandynge I hope to thryue

¶ The father.

¶ That this thyne intente maye take good successe
I praye God hartely of hys goodnes.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Well, well, shall I in fewe wordes reherse,
What thinge doth most my Conscience perse.

¶ The father.

¶ Therwith I am Sonne very well contented.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Yea but I thynke that ye wyll not be pleased.

¶ The father.

¶ In dede peraduenture it maye so chaunce.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Maye but I praye ye without any perchaunce,
Shall not my request turne to your greuaunce.

¶ The father.

¶ If it be iust and lawfull, which thou doest requyre.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Both iust and lawfull haue ye no feare.

¶ The father.

Nowe therfore aske, what is thy peticion?

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Loe this it is without further Dilacion,
For so much as all yongmen for this my Beautie,
As the Moone, the starres, I do farre excell,
Therfore out of hande, with all spede possybly,
To haue a wife (me thynke) wolde do well,
For now I am yonge, lyuely, and lustie,
And welcome besydes to all mennes companye.

¶ The Father.

¶ Good Lord, good Lord, what do I here?

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Is this your begynnynge to performe my desyre.

¶ The Father.

¶ Alas my chylde, what meaneth thy dotynge?
Why doest thou couet thy owne vndoynge?

¶ The Sonne.

¶ I knowe not in the worlde howe to do the thynge
That to his stomacke, maye be delyghtynge.

¶ The Father.

¶ Why foolysche Ideot, thou goest about a wyfe
Which is a burthen and yoke all thy lyfe.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Admyt she shall as a burthen with me remayne,
yet wyll I take one, if your good wyll I attayne.

¶ The Father.

¶ Sonne it shall not be thus by my counsell.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ I truste ye wyll not me otherwyse compell.

¶ The Father.

¶ If thou were as wyse, as I haue iudged the
Thou woldest in this case be ruled by me.

¶ The

¶ The Sonne.

¶ To folowe the contrarye I can not be turned
My harte theron is stylly fixed.

¶ The father.

¶ What I saye, about thine owne distruction.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ No, no, but about myne owne saluation:
For if I be helped, I swere by the Masse,
It is onely Maryage that bryngeth it to passe.
It is not the Schole, it is not the Booke,
It is not Science or Occupacion,
It is not to be a Barbour or Cooke
Wherein is now set my consolacion.
And synce it is thus, be father content
For to marye a wyfe, I am full bent.

¶ The father.

¶ Well if thou wylt not my Sonne, be ruled
But nedes wyll folowe thyne owne foolyshenes,
Take hede hereafter if thou be troubled
At me thou neuer seeke redresse.
For I am certeyn thou canst not abyde
Any payne at all, grefe, or vexacion,
Thy Childhood with me so easely dyd slyde
Full of all pastyme and delectacyon.
And if thou woldest folowe the Booke and learnynge,
And with thy selfe also, take a wyse waye:
Then thou mayst get a gentlemans lyuynge
And with many other beare a great swaye.
Besydes this I wolde in time to come
After my power, and small habylytie,
Helpe the and further the, as my wysdome,
Shulde me most counsell for thy Commodytie.

And ſuch a wyfe I woulde prepare for the
As ſhoulde be vertuous, wiſe and honeſt,
And gyue the wyth her after my degree,
Wherby thou mighteſt alwayes lyue in reſt.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ I cannot, I tell ye agayne, ſo much of my lyfe
Conſume at my Booke without a wyfe.

¶ The Father.

¶ I percepue therfore, I haue done to well
And ſhewed ouer much fauoure to the,
That now agaynſt me thou doeſt rebell
And for thyne owne furtheraunce wylt not agree.
Wherfore of my goodes thou getteſt not a peny
Nor anye ſuccoure els at my handes
For ſuch a childe is moſt vnworthy
To haue any parte of his fathers landes.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ I do not eſteme father your goodes or landes
Or any parte of all your treaſure,
For I iudge it ynoughe to be out of handes
And from this daye forward to take my pleaſure.

¶ The Father.

¶ Well, if it ſhall chaunce the thy ſelfe to repent
As thou art lyke within ſhort ſpace,
Thynke none but thy ſelfe worthy to be ſhent,
Lettynge my counceil to take no place.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ As touchynge that matter, I wyll no man blame
Now farewell father, moſt hartely for the ſame.

¶ The Father.

¶ Farewell my Sonne, departe in Goddes name.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Roms

¶ Rome I saye come, let me be gone
My father if he lyst, shall tarye alone.

¶ Here the Sonne goeth out and the
ryche man taryeth behinde alone.

¶ The Father.

NOwe at the last I do my selfe consyder
Howe great griefe it is and heupnes,
To euery man, that is a Father,
To suffre his childe to folowe wantonnes,
If I myght lyue a hundred yeares longer
And shoulde haue sonnes and daughters many
yet for this Popes sake, I wyll not suffer
One of them all at home with me to tarye,
They shoulde not be kept thus vnder my wynge
And haue all that which they desyre,
For why it is but theyr onely vndoynge
And after the Prouerbe, we put oyle to the fyre.
Wherfore we Parentes must haue a regarde,
Our Chyldren in time for to subdue
Or els we shall haue them euer vntowarde,
yea, spytefull, disdaynfull, nought, and vntrue.
And let vs them thrust alwaye to the Schole
Whereby at their Bookes they maye be kept vnder:
And so we shall shortely their courage coole,
And bryng them to honestie, vertue and Nurture.
But alas now a dayes (the more is the pytye)
Science and learnynge is so lytell regarded,
That none of vs all doth muse or studye
To see our chyldren well taught and instructed.
We decke them, we trym them with gorgious araye
We pampre and fede them, and kepe them so gaye
That in the ende of all this, they be our foes.

We

We basse them, kysse them, we looke rounde about
We meruaile and wonder to see them so leane
We euer anone doe inuent and seke out,
To make them goe tricksie, gallaunt, and cleane.
Which is nothyng els, but the very prouokyn ge
To all vnthriftynes, vice, and Iniquitie,
It puffeth them vp, it is an allurynge
Their fathers and mothers at lengthe to defye.
Which thing myne owne Sonne doth playnely declare
Whom I alwayes intierly haue loued,
He was so my Ioye, he was so my care
That now of the same I am despised.
And now he is hence from me departed,
He hath no delyght with me to dwell,
He is not merye, vntyll he be maryed,
He hath of knauerye tooke such a smell.
But yet seynge that he is my Sonne,
He doth me constrayne dytterly to weepe,
I am not (me thynke) well, tyll I be gone
For this place I can no lenger keepe.

¶ Here the Ryche man goeth out
and the two Cookes cõmeth in
Fyrst the one and then the other.

¶ The Mancooke.

Make hast Blaunche Blabbe it out, & come a waye
For we haue ynought to do all this whole daye,
Why Blaunche blabbe it out, wilt thou not come
And knowest what busynes there is to be done?
If thou maye be set with the pot at thy nose
Thou carest not how other matters goes,
Come a waye I byd the, and tarye no longer
To trust to thy helpe, I am much the better.

¶ The

¶ The Maydecooke.

¶ What a Murryn I ſay, what a noyſe doeſt thou make?
I thynke that thou be not well in the wyttes
I neuer harde man on this ſoyte to take
With ſuche angry wordes, and haſtie fyttes.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ Why doſt thou remembre, what is to be bought
For the great Bydale agaynſt to morowe?
The market muſt be in euery place ſought
For all kynde of meates, God gyue the ſorow.

¶ Maydecooke.

¶ What bãnyng? what curſynge? Longtong is with the?
I made as muche ſpede, as I coulde poſſyblye,
Iwys thou mightſt haue tarryed for me
Untill in all pointes I had ben redye,
I haue for thee looked full oft heretofore,
And yet for all that ſayde neuer the more.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ Well for this ones, I am with thee content
So that hereafter thou make more haſt,
Or els I tell thee, thou wylte it repent,
To loyter ſo longe, tyll the Market be paſt.
For there muſt be bought Byefe, Veale, and Mutton,
And that euen ſuch as is good and fat
With Pigge, Geeſe, Conyes and Capon,
Howe ſayeſt thou Blaunchblabbe it out vnto that?

¶ Maydecooke.

¶ I can not tell Lontonge, what I ſhoulde ſaye
Of ſuch good cheare I am ſo glad:
That if I woulde not eate all that daye
My bealy to fyll, I were berye made.

¶ Mancooke.

There must be also Fesaunte and Swanne
There must be Heronsewe, Partiche and Quayle,
And therfore I must do, what I can,
That of none of all these the Gentelman fayle.
I dare saye he lookes for many thinges more,
To be prepared against to morne,
Wherfore I saye, hence let vs goe,
My feete do stande vpon a thorne.

¶ Maydecooke.

¶ Naye good Longtonge, I praye the ones agayne
To here yet of my mynde a worde or twayne.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ Come of then: dispatche, and speake it quickelye
For what thynge it is, thou causest me tary.

¶ Maydecooke.

¶ Of whence is this Gentelman, & to morowe is married
Where doth his father and his mother dwell.
Aboue fourty myles he hath trauayled
As yester nyght his Seruaunte dyd tell.

Mancooke.

¶ In verye dede, he commes a great waye,
With my Maister he maye not longe abyde,
It hath cost hym so muche on costly araye,
That Money out of his purse apase doth slyde.
They saye that his frendes be ryche and wealthy
And in the Cytie of London haue their dwellynge,
But yet of them all he hath no peny,
To spende and bestowe here at his weddynge.
And if it be true that his Seruaunte dyd saye
He hath vtterly lost his kyndes good wyll
Bycause he wolde not their counsayle obaye,
And in his owne Countrey tarye styll.

As

As for this woman, which hee shall marye
At Sainct Alcones alwayes, hath spent her lyfe
I thynke she be a shrew, I tell thee playnely,
And full of debate, malyce and stryfe.

¶ Waydecooke.

¶ Though I neuer sawe this woman before
Whiche hither with him this Gentelman brought,
yet neuertheles I haue tokens in store,
To iudge of a woman that is frowarde and nought.
The typ of her nose, is as sharpe as myne
Her tonge and her tune is very shyll
I warraunt her, she commes of an vngracius kyn,
And loueth to much her pleasure and wyll.
What though she be now so neate and so nyce,
And speaketh as gentle as euer I heard:
yet youngmen which be both wyttie and wyse,
Such lookes, and such wordes, shulde not regarde.

¶ Wancooke.

¶ Blaunch blabbe it out, thou sayest verye true
I thynke thou beginnest at length to preache
This thynge to me is straunge and new,
To heare such a foole youngman to teache.

¶ Waydecooke.

¶ I foole mine owne Longtong, why calst thou me foole
Though nowe in the kytchyn I walke the daye,
yet in tymes paste I went to Schoole,
And of my laten Prymer I tooke assaye.

¶ Wancooke.

¶ Mayster this woman dyd take such assaye,
And then in these dayes so applyed her booke,
That one worde therof, she carryed not awaye,
But then of a Scholer was made a Cooke.

I dare ſaye ſhe knoweth not, howe her Primer began,
Which of her mayſter ſhe learned than.

¶ Maydecooke.

¶ I trowe it began with Domine labia aperies.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ What dyd it begyn with butterde peeas?

¶ Maydecooke.

¶ I tell the agayne, with Domine labia aperies,
If nowe to heare, it be thyne eaſe.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ How, how, with my Madame laye in the peeas?
¶ I thynke thou art mad with Domine labia aperies.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ yea mary, I iudged it went ſuch wayes,
It began with Dout the laye vp the eyes.

¶ Maydecooke.

¶ Naye then God night, I percepue by thys geare,
That none is ſo deafe, as who wyll not heare,
I ſpake as playnely, as I coulde deuiſe,
yet me vnderſtande, thou canſt in no wyſe.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ Why yet ones agayne, and I wyll better lyſten
And looke vpon the, howe thy lyppes do open.

¶ Maydecooke.

¶ Well marke then, and harken ones for all:
Neuer heare it agayne thou neuer ſhall,
My Booke I ſaye, began with Domine labia aperies.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ Fye, fye, howe ſlowe am I of vnderſtandynge?
Was it all this whyle, Domine labia aperies?
Belyke I haue loſt my ſenſe of hearynge,

With

With broylynge and burnynge in the kytchyn adyes.

¶ Maydecooke.

¶ I promylle the thou ſemeſt to haue done lytell better
For that I wote in my lyfe I neuer ſawe,
One lyke to thy ſelfe, in ſo eaſye a matter.
Unleſſe he were deafe, thus playe the Dawe.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ Come on, come on, we haue almoſt forgotten
Such plentie of victualles as we ſhulde bye
It were almes by my trothe, thou were well beaten
Bycauſe ſo longe thou haſt made me tarye.

¶ Maydecooke.

¶ Tuſche tuſche, we ſhall come in very good ſeaſon,
If ſo be thou goeſt as faſt as I,
Take vp thy baſket and quickely haue done
We wyll be both there by and by.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ I for my parte wyll neuer leaue runnynge
Untyll that I come to the Signe of the Whitynge.

¶ Here the two Cookes runne out and in commeth the Pongman and the Pongwoman his Louer.

¶ The Pongwoman.

WHere is my ſweetynge, whom I do ſeeke
He promyſed me to haue mette me here
Tyll I ſpeake with him, I thinke it a weeke
For he is my Ioye, he is my there.
There is no night, there is no daye
But that my thoughtes be all of hym
I haue no delyght if he be awaye,
Such toyes in my heade do euerſwym.

But beholde at the laſt, where he doth come
For whom my harte deſyred longe,
Now ſhall I know all an ſome,
Elſe I wolde ſaye, I had great wronge

¶ The yongman.

¶ My darlynge, my Conye, my Bryde ſo bryght of blee,
Sweete hart I ſaye, all haylee to thee
How do our Loues, be they faſt a ſleepe
Or the olde lyuelynes, do to they ſtyll keepe

¶ The yongewoman.

¶ Do ye aſke and my Loue be faſt a ſleepe
If a woman maye vtter her mynde,
My loue had almoſt made me to weepe
Becauſe that euen now I dyd not you fynde
I thought it ſurely a whole hundred yere,
Tyll in this place I ſawe you here.

¶ The yongman.

¶ Alacke, alacke, I am ſorye for this,
I had ſuch buſines I myght not come
But ye maye perceyue what my wyt is,
How ſmall regarde I haue and wiſdome.

¶ The yongwoman.

¶ Wheras ye aſke me concernynge my loue
I well aſſure you, it doth dayly augment:
Nothynge can make me ſtarte or moue
You onely to loue is myne intent.

¶ The yongman.

¶ And as for my loue doth neuer relente,
For of you I do dreame, of you I do thynke:
To dynner and ſupper, I neuer went,
But of Beere and Wyne to you I dyd drinke.

Now

Now of such thynges therfore to make an ende
Which pytyfull louers do cruelly torment,
To Marryage in Goddes name, let vs discende
As vnto this houre we haue bene bente.

¶ The pongwoman.

¶ Your wyll to accompyshe I am as redye,
As any woman, beleue me truelye.

¶ The pongman.

¶ This Ryng then I gyue you as a token sure,
Wherby our loue shall alwayes endure.

¶ The pongwoman.

¶ With a pure pretence your pledge I take gladly
For a Signe of our loue, fayth and fydelytie.

¶ The pongman.

¶ Nowe I am safe, nowe I am glad,
Nowe I do lyue, nowe I do raigne:
We thought tyll now I was to sad,
Wherfore sadnes flye hence agayne.
I waye with those wordes which my father brought out
I waye with his saigenes and exhortacion
He coulde not make me his foole or his lowte,
And put me beſydes this delectacion.
Dyd he iudge that I woulde go to the Schoole,
And might my tyme spende after this sorte?
I am not his Calfe, nor yet his foole,
This Virgin I kylle, is my comforte.

¶ The pongwoman.

¶ Well than I praye you let vs be maryed
For me thynke from it we haue longe tarryed.

¶ The pongman.

¶ Agreed my Sweetynge, it shalbe then done,
Synce that thy good wyll I haue goten and wone.

¶ The

¶ The yongwoman.

¶ There wolde this daye be very good sheare
That euery one his healy maye syll,
And thre or foure Minstrelles wolde be here
That none in the house syt idle or styll.

¶ The yongman.

¶ Take ye no thought for abundaunce of meate
That shoulde be spent at our Brydale,
For there shalbe ynought for all men to eate
And Minstrelles besydes therto shall not fayle.
The Cookes I dare saye, a good whyle a gone
With such kynde of fleshe as I dyd them tell
Are from the market both come home
Or els my owne Conye they do not well.
I knewe before that I come to this place
We shoulde be maryed togyther thys daye
Which caused me then forthwith in this case
To sende for victualles or I came awaye.

¶ The yongwoman.

Wher fore then (I praye ye) shall we go to our Inne,
And looke that euery thinge be made redye,
Or els all is not worth a Brasse pynne,
Such hast is requyred in matrymonye.

¶ The yongman.

¶ I thinke fyre a clocke it is, not much passed
But yet to the priest we wyll make hast
That accordynge to customs we maye be both coupled
And with a stronge knot for euer bounde fast.
yet ere I departe, some songe I wyll synge,
To the intent to declare my Joye without feare
And in the meane tyme you maye my sweetynge,
Rest your selfe in this lytell chayre.

¶ The

¶ The Songe.

Spyte of his ſpyte, which that in vayne.
Doth ſeeke to force my fantaſye,
I am profeſt for loſſe or gayne,
To be thyne owne aſſuredlye:
Wherfore let my father ſpyte and ſpurne,
My fantaſye wyll neuer turne.

¶ Although my father of dulſye wytte,
Doth babble ſtyll, I care not tho,
I haue no feare, nor yet wyll flytte,
As doth the water to and fro,
Wherfore let my father ſpyte and ſpurne,
My fantaſye wyll neuer turne.

¶ For I am ſet and wyll not ſwerue,
Whom ſpytefull ſpeache remoueth nought
And ſynce that I thy grace deſerue,
I count it is not derely bought,
Wherfore let my father ſpyte and ſpurne,
My fantaſie wyll neuer turne.

¶ Who is afrayde, let him flye,
For I ſhall well abyde the bruntе:
Maugre the hys lyppes that lyſteth to lye
Of dulſye braynes as is the wonte.
Wherfore let my father ſpyte and ſpurne,
My fantaſye wyll neuer turne.

¶ Who lyſteth therat to laughe or loure
I am not he that ought doth retche
There is no payne that hath the power,
Out of my breſt your loue to fetche,
Wherfore let my father ſpyte and ſpurne,
My fantaſye wyll neuer turne.

¶ For wheras he moued me to the Schoole,
And onely to folowe my Booke and learnenynge:
He coulde neuer make me such a foole,
With all his softe woordes, and fayre speakynge.
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasye wyll neuer turne.
¶ This Mynion here, this myncing Trull,
Doth please me more athousande folde:
Then all the earthe that is so full,
Of precious stones, Syluer and Golde.
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasye wyll neuer turne.
¶ What soeuer I dyd, it was for her sak
It was for her loue, and onely pleasure,
I counte it no laboure, such laboure to take,
In gettynge to me so hyghe a treasure.
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasie wyll neuer turne.
¶ This daye, I intended for to be mery,
Althoughe my harde Father be farre hence.
I knowe no cause for to be heuye,
For all this coste and grear expence.
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasye wyll neuer turne.

¶ How lyke ye this songe, my owne swete Rose,
Is it well made for our purpose?

¶ The yongwoman.

¶ I neuer harde in all my lyfe a better,
More pleasaunte, more meete for the matter.
Now let vs go then, the mornynge is nye gone
We can not any songer here remaine:

Farewell good Masters euery echone,
Tyll from the Churche we come agayne.

¶ Here they go out, and in commeth the Priest alone.

Syrs, by my trouthe it is a worlde to see,
The excedynge negligence of euery one,
Euen from the hyest to the lowest degree,
Both goodnes and conscience is cleane gone.
There is a yonge gentelman in this towne,
Who this same daye now must be maryed:
Yet thoughe I woulde bestowe a Crowne,
That knaue the Clarke can not be spyed.
For he is safe if that in the Alehouse,
He maye syt typlyng of Nutbrowne Ale:
That oft he commes foorth as dronke as Mouse,
With a nose of his owne not greatly pale,
And this is not once, but euery daye,
Almost of my faith, throughe out the whole yeare,
That he these trickes doth vse to playe,
Without all shame, dreade and feare.
He knoweh him selfe that yester nyghte,
The sayde yonge gentelman came to me,
And then desyred, that he myght
This mornynge betymes maryed be.
But now I doubte it wyll be hye noone,
Ere that this busynes be quite ended:
Unlesse the knauysshe foole come very soone,
That this same thinge maye be dispatched,
And therfore synce that this noughty packe,
Hath at this present me thus serued.

He is like hence forwarde my good will to lacke
Or els by wyse I myght be iudged.
I am taught hereafter, howe such a one to trust,
In any matter concernynge the Churche,
For if I shulde, I perceyue that I must,
Of myne owne honestie loose verye much.
And yet for all this, from weeke to weeke,
For his stypende and wages he neuer creyeth,
And for the same contynually doth seeke,
As from tyme to tyme playnely appeareth.
But whyther his wages he hath deserued,
Unto you all I do me reporte,
Since that his duetie he hath not fulfylled,
Nor to the Churche will scant resorte.
That many a tyme and oft, I am fayne
To playe the Priest, Clarke and all
Though he thus to do, it is great payne,
And my rewarde but very small,
Wherfore (God wyllynge) I will such order take,
Before that I be many dayes elder,
That he shalbe glad this towne to forsake
And learne euermore to please his better.
And in such wyse all they shall be vsed,
Which in this parysshe entende to be Clarkes,
Great pytie it were, the Churche shoulde be disordered
By cause that such Swydowles do not their warkes.
And to saye trueth, in many a place,
And other great townes beside this same,
The Priestes and Parishioners be in the lyke case,
Which to the Churchwardens maye be a shame.
How shulde the Priest his office fulfyll,
Accordyngly as in dede he ought.

When

When that the Clarke wyll haue a ſelfe wyll
And alwayes in ſeruice tyme muſt be ſought:
Notwithſtandynge at this preſent there is no remedy
But to take tyme, as it doth fall,
Wherfore I wyll go hence and make me ready
For it helpeth not to chafe or brall.

¶Here the Prieſt goeth out,
and in commethe the ryche man.

¶The Ryche man.

COmmynge this daye foorth of my Chambre,
Euen as for water to waſshe I dyd call,
By chaunce I eſpyed a certayne ſtraunger,
Standynge beneath within my Hall.
Who in very deede came from the Inholder
Wheras for a tyme my Sonne dyd lye,
And ſayde that his maiſter had ſent me a letter.
And bade hym to bringe it with all ſpede poſſyblye.
Wherin he did write that as this daye
That vnthrifte my Sonne to a certein Mayde,
Shoulde then be wedded, without further delaye,
And hath eſpoused more than wyll be payde.
And ſynce that he harde, he was my Sonne,
By a Gentelman or two, this other daye:
He thought that it ſhoulde be very well done,
To let me haue knowledge therof by the waye.
And wylled me if that I woulde any thynge
Of hym to be done of me in this matter:
That then he his Seruaunt ſuch worde ſhulde bringe
As at his commynge he might do hereafter.
I bade hym thanke his Maiſter moſt hartelye
And ſent hym, by hym a peece of Veniſon:

For that he vouchſaued to wryte ſo gentely,
Touchynge the maryage and ſtate of my Sonne,
But notwithſtandynge I ſent hym no Money,
To paye ſuch Dettes as my Sonne dyd owe,
Becauſe he had me forſaken vtterly,
And mee for his good Father wolde not knowe,
And ſayde that with hym I woulde not make,
From that daye forwarde, durynge my life
But as he had brewed, that ſo he ſhulde bake,
Synce of hys owne chooſynge, he gat him a wife.
Thus when his Seruaunte from me departed
Into my Chambre I went agayne,
And there a great whyle I bitterly weeped,
This newes to me was ſo great payne:
And thus with theſe wordes I began to mone,
Lamentynge and mourninge my ſelfe all alone.
O madnes, O dotynge of thoſe yonge folke
O myndes without wytte, aduyſe, and diſcretion,
With whom their parentes can beare no ſtroke
In their firſt Matrimoniall coniunction
They knowe not what myſerye griefe and vnquietnes
Wyll hereafter enſue, of their extreme foolyſhenes,
Of all ſuch laboures, they be cleane ignorant,
Which in the nouryſhynge and keppynge of Chyldren
To their great charges, it is conuenient
Either of them henceforth to ſuſtayne:
Concernynge expences beſtowed in a howſe
They perceyue as lyttell as doth the Mowſe.
On the one ſyde, the wyfe wyll brall and ſcolde,
On the other ſide the Infant wyll crye in the Cradell:
Anone when the Chylde waxeth somwhat olde,
For meate and drynke, he begynnes to babbell.

Hereupon

Herebpon commeth it, that at markettes and fayres
A Husbande is forced to bye many wares.
Yet for all this hath my foolysche Sonne
As wyse a Wodcocke, without any wytte,
Despysynge his Fathers mynde and opynion,
Maryed a wyfe for hym most vnfytte,
Supposynge that myrth to be euerlastynge,
Which then at the fyrste was greatly pleasynge.
How they two wyll lyue, I can not tell,
Wherto they maye trust, they haue nothynge
My mynde gyueth me, that they wyll come dwell,
At length by their father for wante of lyuinge,
But my Sonne doubtles, for any thynge that I knowe
Shall reape in such wyse as he dyd sowe,
True he shall fynde, that Hipponactes dyd wryte
Who sayde with a wyfe are two dayes of pleasure
The first is the ioye of the Maryage daye and nyght
The seconde to be at the wyfes Sepulture;
And this by experience he shall proue true,
That of his Brydale great euylles do ensue.
And (as I suppose,) it wyll proue in his lafe,
When he shall wysche that to him it maye chaunce,
Which vnto Eupolis and also his wife,
The nyght they were wedded, fell for a vengeaunce
Who with the heuy ruyne of the Bedde were slayne,
As the Poet Ouid in these two Verses makes playne.

¶ Si tibi coniugii nox prima, nouissima vite,
Eupolis, hoc periit, & noua nupta modo.

Ouidius wrytinge agaynst one Ibis his enemye
That the fyrst night of his Maryage dyd wysche
The last of his lyfe myght be certenly.
For so (quod he) dyd Eupolis and hys wife perysche.

yet to my Soone I praye God to sende
Because therunto me Nature doth bynde:
Thoughe he hath offended,a better ende,
Then Eupolis and his wyfe dyd fynde.
And nowe I shall longe euer anone,
Tyll some of those quarters come rydynge hyther,
Unto the which my Soone is gone,
To knowe how they do lyue togyther.
But I am fastynge,and it is almost noone
And more than tyme that I had dyned:
Wherfore from hence I wyll go soone,
I thinke by this tyme,my meate is burned.

¶Here the Kyche man goeth out,and in cõmeth the yongman his sonne with the yongwoman,beynge both maryed.

¶The Husbande.

Q My sweete wyfe,my prety Conye.

¶The Wyfe.

¶O my Husbande,as pleasaunte as Honnye.

¶The Husbande.

¶O Lorde what pleasures and great commodytie,
Are heaped togyther in Matrimonye

¶The Wyfe.

¶Howe behement,howe stronge a thynge loue is:
Howe many smyrkes,and dulcome kysses

¶The Husbande.

¶What smylynge:what laughynge
What sporte,pastyme,and playenge:

¶The Wyfe.

¶What tickelynge:what toyinge,
What dalyenge,what ioyenge:

¶The

¶ The Husbande.

¶ The man with the wyfe is wholly delyghted
And with many cauſes to laughter enforced.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Whan they two drynke, they drynke togyther
They neuer eate, but one wyth another.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Somtymes to their Garden forth they walke
And into the fyelde ſomtymes they go,
With mery trickes, and geſtures they talke
As they do moue their feete to and fro.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Somtymes they ryde into the Countrey
Paſſynge the tyme wyth mirth and ſporte,
And when with their frendes, they haue ben merye:
Home to their owne houſe they do reſorte.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Somtymes abrode they go, to ſee playes,
And other trym ſyghtes, for to beholde:
When often they meete in the hye wayes
Muche of their aquaintaunce they knewe of olde.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Sometymes to the Churche, they do repayre
To here the Sermon that ſhalbe made:
Thoughe it to remembre, they haue ſmall care,
For why? they be now, but fewe of that trade.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Somtymes at home, at cardes they playe
Somtymes at this game ſomtymes at that
They nede not wyth ſadnes to paſſe the daye
Nor yet to ſyt ſtyll, or ſtande in one plat.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ And as for vs wyfes, occasions do moue,
Somtymes with our Gossyppes to make good cheare
Or els we dyd not, as dyd vs behoue,
For certayne daies and weekes in the yeare.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ I thynke that a man might spende a whole daye
Declarynge the Joyes, and endles blys:
Which maryed persones receyue alwaye,
If they loue faythfullye, as meete it is.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Wyues can not choose, but loue earnestlye
If that their Husbandes do all thynges well
Or eles my sweete harte, we shall espye,
That in quietnes they can not dwell.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ If they do not, it maye be a shame
For I loue you hartele I you assure:
Or els I were truely greatly to blame
ye are so louynge, so kynde, and demure.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ I trust that with neither hande or foote,
ye shall see any occasion by mee:
But that I loue you euen from the harte roote
And durynge my lyfe so intende to be,

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Who then merye Maryage can discōmende
And wyll not with Aristotle in his Ethickes agree:
But wyll saye, that myserye is the ende
When otherwyse I fynde it to be:
A polytique man wyll marye a wyfe
As the Phylosopher makes declaration,
Not onely to haue chyldren by his lyfe,
But also for lyuynge, helpe, & sustentacion.

¶ The

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Who wyll not with Herocles playnely confesse,
That Mankynde to Societie is wholly adioynynge
And in this Societie neuerthelesse:
Of worthy Wedlocke tooke the begynnynge.
Without the which, no Cytie can stande
Nor Housholde be perfecte in any lande.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Pythagoras, Socrates, and Crates also
Whiche truely were men of very small Substaunce
As I harde my father tell longe ago,
Dyd take them wyfes with a safe conscience:
And dwelled togyther, supposynge that they
Were vnto Philosophy, nother stoppe nor staye.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Yea what can be more accordynge to kynde
Then a man to a woman hym selfe to bynde.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Awaye with those therfore that Mariage despyse
And of daungers therof inuent many lyes.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ But what is he that commeth yonder,
Do ye not thinke it is our man.
Somewhat there is that he hasteth hyther,
For he makes asmuche speed as he can.

¶ Here the Seruaunte of the Rychemannes Sonne cõmeth in, with an errande to his Mayster.

¶ Seruaunte.

¶ Mayster there is a Straunger at home
He wolde very fayne with you talke:

For vntyll that to hym you do come
Forth of the doores he wyll not walke.

¶ The Huſbande.

¶ Come on then my wyfe, if it be ſo,
Let vs departe hence for a ſeaſon:
For I am not well, tyll I do knowe
Of that mannes commynge the very reaſon.

¶ Here they both go out, and their Seruaunt doth tary behind alone.

¶ Seruaunte.

¶ Let them go bothe, and do what they wyll
And with communicacion fyll their bealy:
For I by Sainct Geerge wyll tary here ſtyll,
In all my lyfe I was neuer ſo merye.
I haue this daye fylled ſo many Pottes
With all maner wyne, Ale, and Beere:
That I wyſched their bealyes full of Bottes
Longe of whom was made ſuche cheare.
What kyndes of meate, both fleſche and fyſche
Haue I poore knaue to the table caryed?
From tyme to tyme dyſche after dyſche,
My legges from goynge neuer ceaſed.
What runnynge had I for Apples and Nuttes?
What callyng for Biſkettes, Cumfettes and Caroweies?
I vengeaunce ſayde I, lyght on their guttes
That makes me to turne ſo many wayes.
What cryinge was there for Cardes and Dice?
What royſtynge, what ruffynge made they within?
I counted them all not greatly wyſe.
For my head dyd almoſt ake with dyn.

What

What babiyng, what iangiynge was in the house:
What quaffyng, what bybbyng with many a Cuppe:
That some laye alonge as dronke as a Mouse
Not able so much as their heades to holde vp.
What daunsynge, what leapyng, what iumpyng about
From benche to benche, and stoole to stoole:
That I wondered their braynes dyd not fall out
When they so outragiously playde the foole.
What iuglyng was there vpon the boordes:
What thrustyng of knyues throughe many a nose
What bearinge of Formes: what holdinge of Swordes:
And puttynge of Botkyns throughe legge and hose:
yet for all that they called for drynke,
And sayde that they coulde not playe for drye
That many at me dyd nodde and wynke
Bycause I shoulde bringe it by and by,
How so euer they sported the pot dyd styll walke
If that were awaye, then all was lost:
For euer anone the Jugge was their talke,
They paste not who bare such charge and coste.
Therfore let hym looke his Purse be ryght good,
That it may discharge all that is spente,
Or els it wyll make hys haere growe through his hood
There was suche hauocke made at this present,
But I am afearde my maister be angrye
That I dyd abyde thus longe behynde:
yet for his angre I passe not greatly,
His wordes they be but onely wynde,
Now that I haue rested so longe in this place
Homewarde agayne, I wyll hye me apase.

¶Here the Seruaunte goeth out, and in cõmeth fyrst the Wyfe, and shortely after the Husbande.

¶ The Wyfe.

WHere is my Huſbande, was he not here?
I meruayle much whyther he is gone
Than I perceyue I am much the nere,
But loe, where he commeth hyther alone.
Wot ye what Huſband, from daye to daye,
With dayntye diſhes, our bodyes haue bene fylled:
What meate to morowe nexte ſhall we aſſaye?
Wherby we may then be both refreſhed.

¶ The Huſbande.

¶ Do ye nowe prouyde and gyue a regarde
For Victuailes hereafter to be prepared.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ But that I knowe Huſbande, it lyeth vs in hande
Of thynges to come to haue a conſyderation
I would not ones wyll you to vnderſtande
Aboute ſuch buſynes my carefull prouiſion:
It is nedefull therfore to worke we make haſt
That to get both our lyuynges we may knowe the caſt.

¶ The Huſbande.

¶ To trouble me nowe, and make me vered,
This miſchieuous meane haſt thou inuented.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ What trouble for thee? what cynde of veracion?
Haue I to diſquiet thee, cauſed at this preſent?
My onely mynde is, thou make expedycion
To ſeke for our profyte as is conuenient.
Wherfore to thee I ſaye ones agayne,
Becauſe to take paynes thou art ſo lothe,
By Chriſt it were beſt, with might and mayne,
To fall to ſome worke, I ſweare a great othe.

¶ The Huſbande.

Yet

¶ yet for a tyme, if it maye thee pleaſe
Let me be quit, and take myne eaſe.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Wilt thou haue vs then thꝛoughe hungre be ſlayne?

¶ The Huſbande.

¶ I woulde not we ſhulde for hungre be kylled.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Then I ſaye then, this geare go about,
And looke that thou labouꝛe diligently:
Oꝛ elſe thou ſhalt ſhoꝛtly pꝛoue without doubt,
Thy ſluggyſhnes wyll not pleaſe me greatly.

¶ The Huſbande.

¶ Begynneſt thou euen nowe to be paynefull & greuous
And to thy Huſbande, a woman ſo troublous?

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ What woꝛdes haue we heꝛe, thou miſbegotten,
Is there not alꝛedy ynoughe to the ſpende?

¶ The Huſbande.

¶ O myth, O Ioye, O paſtyme and pleaſure,
How lyttell a ſpace, do you endure?

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ I ſee my cõmaundement can take no place,
Thou ſhalt abye theꝛfoꝛe, I ſweare by the Maſſe.

¶ Here the Wyfe muſt Fryke her Huſbande handeſomlye aboute the Shoulders with ſome thyng.

¶ The Huſbande.

¶ Alas good wyfe, good wyfe, alas, alas,
Stryke not ſo harde, I praye thee hartelye,
What ſoeuer thou wylte haue bꝛought to paſſe
It ſhalbe done with all ſpede poſſyblye.

¶ The

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Laye theſe faggottes man vpon thy ſhoulder
And carye thys wood from ſtreete to ſtrete:
To ſell the ſame, that we both togyther.
Our lyuynge may get, as is moſt mete.
Hence Idiot hence, without more delaye
What meaneſt thou thus, to ſtagger and ſtaye?

¶ The Huſbande.

¶ O Lorde what howe myſerable men be thoſe
Whiche to their wyfes as wretches be wedded
And haue them contynually their mortall foes
Seruynge them thus, as Slaues that be hyred.
Nowe by experience true I do fynde,
Whiche oftentymes vnto me heretofore
My father dyd ſaye, declarynge his mynde
That in Matrymonie was payne euermore,
What ſhall I do moſt pitifull Creature?
Juſte cauſe I haue alas to lament:
That frantike woman my death wyll procure
If ſo be this daye without gayne be ſpent
For vnleſſe for my wood ſom Money be taken
Lyke a dogge, with a Cudgell I ſhalbe beaten.
Ho thou good felowe which ſtandeſt ſo nye
Of theſe heauy bundelles eaſe my ſore backe:
And ſomewhat therfore gyue me by and by
Or els I dye, for Syluer I do lacke.
Nowe that I haue ſome Money receyued
For this my burden home I wyll go:
And leſt that my wyfe be diſcontented,
What I haue take, I wyll her ſhowe.
Wyfe I am come, I went a longe waye
And here is the profyte, and gaynes of this daye.

¶ The

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Why thou Lowte, thou foole, thou horſon folte,
Is this thy wood money, thou peuiſshe Dolte?
Thou ſhalt ſmart for this geare, I make God a bowe
Thou knoweſt no more to ſell wood, then doth the cowe.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ By Goddes precious I wyll not vnwyſely ſuffre
To do as I haue done, any longer.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Why doeſt thou ryſe againſt me Villayne?
Take hede I ſcratche not out thy eyes twayne.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Scratche and thou dare, for I haue a knyfe,
Perchaunce I wyll rydde the of thy lyfe.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Slaye me with thy knyfe, thou chytten Baſtarde?
Doeſt thou thinke to fynde me ſuche a Diſſarde?
By Cokes bones I wyll make thy ſkyn to rattell,
And the braynes in thy Scull more depely to ſattell.

¶ Here the wyfe muſt laye on lode vppon her Husbande.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Good wyfe be content, forgeue my this faulte
I wyll neuer agayne do that which is naught.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Go to foolyſshe Calfe, go to, and vpryſe,
And put vp thy knyfe, I the aduiſe.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ I wyll do your cõmaundementes what ſoeuer.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Hence awaye then, and fyll this with water.

¶ The Husbande.

O mercyfull God, in what lamentable state
Is he, of whom the wyfe is the mayster?
Wolde God I had bene predestinate,
On my Marryage daye, to haue dyed wyth a Feuer.
O wretched creature, what maye I do?
My grieuous wyfe shall I returne vnto?
Lo wyfe beholde without further delaye
The water ye sent for, here I do bringe.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ What I saye? what meaneth this weepynge?
What apieth the to make all this crynge?

¶ The Husbande.

¶ I weepe not for losothe, nor crye not as yet.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ No, nor thou wilte not, if thou haste any wyt,
It is not thy weepynge that can ought auayle,
And therfore this matter no longer bewayle.
Come of I saye, and runne to the Ryuer
And washe these clothes in the water.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Wyfe I wyll thyther hye me faste.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ yet I aduyse the, thou Cullyon make haste.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ O howe vnhappye and eke vnfortunate
Is the moste parte of maryed mennes condycion?
I woulde to death I had bene agate
When my Mother in bearynge me made lamentacion.
What shall I do? whyther shall I turne,
Most carefull man nowe vnder the Skye?
In the flamynge fyre, I had rather burne,

Then

Then with extreme payne, lyue ſo heauylye,
There is no ſhyfte, to my wyfe I muſt go
Whom that I dyd wed, I am full wo.
Where are ye wyfe, your clothes are waſhte cleane
As whyte as a lylly without ſpot or ſteyne.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Thou theefe, thou caytyfe, why is not this place,
Waſhed as fayre as all the reſt,
Thou ſhalt for this geare now ſmoke apace
By gys I ſweare, thou bruttyſhe Beaſte.

¶ Here thee muſt knocke her Huſbande.

¶ The Huſbande.

¶ Alas, alas, I am almoſt quyte dead,
My wyfe ſo pytyfully hath broken my head.

¶ Here her Huſbande muſt lye alonge on the grounde as thoughe hee were ſore beaten and wounded.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Well I perceyue, the tyme wyll awaye
And into the Countrey to go I haue promyſed
Looke therfore thou go not from hence to daye
Tyll home agayne I am returned.
Take hede I ſaye, this Howſe thee retayne,
And ſtyrre not for any thynge out of my doore:
Untill that I come hyther agayne,
As thou wylte be rewarded therfore.

¶ Here his Wyfe goeth out, and the Huſbande taryeth behinde alone.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ The synne and fiende go with my wyfe
And in her Journey ill maye she speede:
I praye God almighty to shorten her lyfe
The earth at no tyme doth beare suche a weede.
Althoughe that I be a Gentelman borne
And come by my Auncetours of a good blood,
yet am I lyke to weare a Cote torne
And hither and thither go carye wood.
But rather then I this lyfe will abyde
To morowe morynge I do intende,
Home to my father agayne to ryde,
If some man to me his Horse will lende.
She is to her Gossypes gone to make mery,
And there she will be for three or foure dayes:
She cares not thoughe I do nowe miscarye
And suffre such payne and sorowe alwayes.
She leaueth to me neyther Breade nor drynke
But such as I fugde, no bodye woulde eate:
I myght by the walles lye dead and stynke
For any great holsomnes in my meate.
She walketh abrode, and taketh her pleasure
Her selfe to cherysshe is all her care:
She passeth not what griefe I endure,
Or howe I can lyue with noughty fare:
And synce it is so, without further delaye
To my father to morowe I will swaye.

¶ Here he goeth out, and
in cometh the Deuyll.

¶ Satan

¶ Satan the Deuyll.

HO,ho,ho,what a felowe am I:
Geue rowme I ſaye both moze and leſſe:
My ſtrength and power hence to the Skye
No earthly tonge can well expreſſe.
Oh what inuencious, crafftes and wiles,
Is there conteyned within this heade:
I knowe that he is within fewe myles
Which of the ſame is throughly ſped.
Oh, it was all my ſtudye daye and nyght
Cõnyngly to bryngе this matter to paſſe:
In all the earth, there is no wighte
But I can make to crye alas.
This man and wyfe, that not longe agoe
Fell in this place togyther by the eares:
It was onely I that this ſtryfe dyd ſowe
And haue bene aboute it certayne yeares.
For after that I had taken a ſmell:
Of their good wyll and feruent loue,
My thought I ſhulde not tary in hell
But vnto debate them ſhortely moue,
Oh it was I that made hym to deſpyſe
All wiſdome, goodnes, vertue and learnynge
That he afterwarde coulde in no wiſe
Ones in his harte fancie learnynge.
Oh it was I, that made hym refuſe
The holſome monytion of his father dere
And cauſed hym ſtyll of a wyfe to muſe
As thoughe ſhe ſhoulde be his ioye and chere.
Oh it was I, that made hym goe hence,
And ſuppoſe that his father was verye vnkynde,
It was I, that dyd dryue hym to ſuch expence,

And made hym as bare, as an ape is behynde.
And nowe that I haue this busynes ended
And ioyned hym and his wife together:
I thynke that I haue my part well played,
None of you all wolde do it better.
Ho, ho, ho, this well fauoured beade of myne
What thynge soeuer it hath in hande:
Is neuer troubled with Ale or Wyne,
Neyther by Sea, nor yet by lande.
I tell you I am a meruayllous bodye,
As any is at this daye lyuynge:
My head doth deuyse eche thynge so trymly,
That all men maye wonder of the endynge,
Oh I haue such stitches, such toyes in this head
Such crafty deuyses, and subtyll trayne:
That whom so euer of you I do wed,
ye are lyke at my handes to take small gayne.
There is no gentelman, knyght, or Lorde:
There is no Duke, Earle, or kynge:
But if I lyst, I can with one worde,
Shortly sende vnto their lodgynge.
Some I disquiet with Couetousnes,
Some with wrath, pryde and ielousye,
And some I do thrust into such distresse
That he feeleth onely payne and myserye.
Some I allure to haue their delyght
Alwayes in Glotonye, Enuye and murdre:
And those thynges to practise with all theyr might
Either by lande, or els by water.
Ho, ho, ho, there is none to be compared,
To me I tell you, in any poynte:
With a great sorte my selfe I haue stryed.

That

That boldly ventured many a ioynt.
And when for a longe tyme we had wrestled
And shewed our strength on eyther syde,
yet often tymes a fall they receyued,
When through my Polycye their feete vpd syde.
Wherfore (my dere children) I warne ye all,
Take hede, take hede of my temptacion:
For cõmenly at the last ye haue the fall
And also brought to Desperacion.
Oh it is a folye for many to stryue
And thynke of me to get the vpper hande:
For vnlesse that God make them to thryue
They can not agaynst me sticke or stande.
And thoughe that God on hye haue his dominion
And ruleth the worlde euery where:
yet by your leaue, I haue a porcion,
Of this same earth that standeth here.
The kyngdome of God is aboue in Heauen
And myne is I tell you beneth in Hell:
But yet a greater place if he had delt euen
He shulde haue gyuen me and myne to dwell,
For to my Palace of euery Nation
Of what degree or birth so euer they be.
Come runnynge in with such festination,
That other whyles they amased me,
Oh all the Jewes, and all the Turkes,
yea and a great parte of Christendome
When they haue done my will, and my workes
In the ende they dye hither all and some.
There is no minute of the daye
There is no minute of the nyghte:
But that in my Palace there is always

Crowdynge

Crowdynge togither a meruaylous sighte,
They come on thicker, then swarmes of Bees,
And make such a noyse and cryinge out:
That many a one lyeth on his knees,
With thousandes kept vnder, and closed about
Not so much as my parlours, halles, and euery chamber
My Porches, my galeryes, and my courte:
My entryes, my kytchyn, and my Larder,
But with all maner people be fylled throughout.
What shall I saye more, I can not tell.
But of this (my children) I am certayne,
There comes more in one houre vnto Hell,
Then vnto Heauen, in a moneth or twayne.
And yet for all this, my Nature is such
That I am not pleased with this company,
But out of my kyngdome I must walke muche
That one or other I maye take tardye,
Ho, ho, ho, I am neuer ones afrayde
With these my Clawes you for to touche,
For I wyll not leaue tyll you be payde,
Suche treasure, as is within my Pouche.
The worlde is my Sonne, and I ame his Father
And also the flesshe, is a doughter of myne
It is I alone, that taught them to gather,
Both Golde and Syluer that is so fyne.
Wherfore I suppose that they loue me well
And my Cõmaundementes gladly obaye,
That at the last then vnto Hell,
They maye come all the redy waye.
But now (I knowe) synce I came hither
There is such a multitude at my gate,

That

¶ That I must agayne repayre downe thyther
After myne olde maner and rate.

¶Here the Deuyll goeth out, and in
cōmeth the Kychmans Sonne alone.

¶ The Sonne.

HOwe glad am I, that my iourney is ended,
Which I was about this whole daye:
My horse to stande styll I neuer suffred,
Because I woulde come to the ende of my waye.
But yet I am sorye that I can not fynde,
My louynge father at home at hys place:
That vnto hym I maye breake my mynde,
And let hym knowe my myserable case.

¶Here he confesseth his naughtynes
vttring the same with a pitifull voice.

¶ I haue ben wylde, I haue ben wanton,
I haue euer folowed my fancye and wyll:
I haue ben to my father a frowarde Sonne
And from daye to daye contynued styll.
I haue alwayes proudlye dysdayned those
That in my madnes geue me good counsell
I counted them most my mortall foes,
And stowtely agaynst them dyd rebell.
The thynge that was good, I greatly hated
As one which lacked both wytte and reason,
The thyng that was euyll I euer loued
Which now I see is my confusyon.
I coulde not abyde of the Scholo to heare
Maysters and teachers my harte abhorred,

Me thought the Booke was not fyt geare,
For my tendeer fyngers to haue handled,
I counted it a pleasure to be daintely fed
And to be clothed in costly arraye:
I woulde most cōmonly slugge in my bed,
Untyll it were verye farre forth daye.
And to be shorte, anone after this,
Ther came such fansies in my brayne:
That to haue a wyse whom I might kysse
I rekened to be the greatest gaine.
But yet alas I was quyte deceyued
The thynge it selfe doth easely appeare:
I woulde alas I had ben buryed,
When to my Father, I gaue not eare.
That which I had, I haue cleane spent,
And kept so much ryot with the same:
That now I am fayne, a Cote that is rent
Alas to weare for verye shame.
I haue not a crosse lefte in my purse,
To helpe my selfe nowe in my nede:
That well I am worthye of Goddes curse,
And of my Father to haue small mede.

¶ Here the Ryche man must be as it were cōmynge in.

But excepte myne eyes do me beguyle,
That man is my Father, whom I do see;
And now that he cōmes, without crafte or wyle,
To hym I wyll bende on eyther knee.
Ah Father, Father, my Father most dere,

¶ The father.

¶ Ah myne owne chylde, with the what chere.

¶ The Sone.

¶ All such sayinges as in my mynde,

At the fyrst tyme ye studied to sattell;
Most true alas, I do them fynde,
As thoughe they were written in the Gospell.

¶ The Father.

¶ Those wordes my Sonne, I haue almost forgotten,
Stande vp therfore, and kneele no longer:
And what it was I spake so often,
At two or three wordes, recyte to thy Father.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ If that ye be Father well remembred
As the same I beleue ye can not forget:
You sayde that so soone as I were maryed,
Much payne and trouble therby I shoulde get.

¶ The Father.

¶ Haste thou by proofe sonne, this thynge tryed.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Yea, alas to much I haue experyenced:
My wyfe, I dyd wed, all full of ftensye,
My selye poore shoulders, hath now so broused,
That lyke to a Creple, I moue me weakly,
Beynge full often with the staffe thwacked:
She spareth no more my flesshe and bone,
Than if my bodye were made of Stone,
Her wyll, her mynde, and her Cōmaundement,
From that daye hyther, I haue fulfylled:
Which if I dyd not, I was bytterly shent,
And with many strokes greuously punysshed:
That woulde God the houre when I was maryed,
In the midste of the Church I might haue synked,
I thynke ther is no man vnder the Sonne
That here on the earth beareth lyfe:
Which wolde do such drudgerye, as I haue done,

At the vnkynde wordes of suche a wyfe,
For howe I was vsed, and in what wyse
I dare to declare wyll not suffyse.
yf this be not true, as I haue spoken
To my good neyghbours I me reporte,
Who other whyles when I was supptem
My wyfe to be gentle, dyd them exhorte:
For glad I was to abyde all labours
Whereby the lesse might be my dolours.
Wherfore good Father I you humbly desyre
To haue pitye of me and some compassione
Or els I am lyke to lye fast in the myre,
Without any succoure or consolation:
For at this houre I haue not a peny,
My selfe to helpe in this great myserye.

¶ The Father.

¶ For so muche as by my aduyse and counsell
In no maner wyse thou wouldest be ruled:
Therfore to the I can not do well,
But let the yll suffice, as thou haste deserued
For that thou hast suffred, is yet not nyghe
To that tribulation which is behynde comynge.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Alas Father, what shall I do?
My wyttes of them selues can not deuyse,
What thynge I were best to go vnto,
Wherof an honest lyuynge maye aryse:
Wherfore gentle Father in this distresse,
Some what asswage myne heuynes.

¶ The Father.

¶ What shoulde I do I cannot tell,
For now that thou hast taken a wyfe

With

With me thy father thou mayst not dwell,
But alwayes with her spende thy lyfe.
Thou mayst not agayne thy wyfe forsake,
Which durynge lyfe to the thou dydst take.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Alas I am not able thus to endure
Thoughe therunto I were neuer so wyllynge:
For my wyfe is of such a crooked nature
As no woman els, is this daye lyuynge,
And if the veryte trueth I shall confesse
She is to me an euyll that is endlesse.

¶ The Father.

¶ If that thou thinkest thy selfe alone
Onely to leade this vnkesome lyfe,
Thou maiest learne what griefe, sorowe and mone,
Socrates had with Xantippa his wyfe.
Her husbande full ofte she tawnted and checked
And as the Booke sayethe vnhonestly mocked.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ I can not tell, what was Socrates wyfe
But myne I do knowe alas to well,
She is one that is euermore full of stryfe
And of all Scolders beareth the Bell.
When she speaketh best, then drawleth her tonge
When she is styll she fyghteth apace:
She is an olde Witch thoughe she be yonge,
No mirth with her, no ioye or solace.

¶ The Father.

¶ I can not my Sonne thy state redresse,
Be thy father thou dydst refuse:
Wherfore now helpe thy owne foolyshenes,
And of thy wyfe no longer muse.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ My wyfe went forth nit to the Countrey
With certayne Gossyppes to make good chere,
And bad me at home styll to be,
That at her returne, she might fynde me there:
And if that she do take me from house,
My bones alas shee wyll make to cracke:
And me her Husbande as a starke mome,
With knocking and mockyng she wyll handell.
And therfore if I maye not here remayne,
yet louynge Father, geue me your rewarde,
That I may with speede ride haue againe,
That to my wyfes wordes, haue some regarde.

¶ The Father.

¶ If that at the fyrst thou woldest haue bene ordered.
And done as thy Father counsayled the:
So wretched a lyfe had neuer chaunced
Wherof at this present thou complaynest to me.
But yet come on, to my house wee wyll be goynge
And ther thou shalt see, what I wyll gyue:
I lytell to helpe thy needye lyuynge:
Synce that in such penurye thou doest lyue,
And that once done, thou must hence agayne
For I am not he, that wyll the retayne.

¶ Here the Ryche man and his Sonne go out, and in cõmeth the Perorator.

¶ The Peroratour.

¶ The

¶ The Peroratour.

This Interlude here good gentle audience,
Which presently before you we haue played:
:: :: Was set foorth with such care and diligence,
As by vs truely myght well be shewed.
Shorte it is I denye not, and full of brenitie
But if ye marke therof the matter,
Then choose ye can not, but see playnely
How payne and pleasure be knyt togyther.
By this lytell playe, the Father is taught,
After what maner his Chylde to vse:
Least that throughe cockerynge at length he be brought
His Fathers Cōmaundement to refuse,
Here ye maye learne a wyttie lesson,
Betymes to correcte his Sonne beynge tender:
And not let hym be lost and vndone,
With wantonnes of mischiefe the Mother,
For as longe as the twygge is gentell and plyent
(Euery man knoweth this by experience:)
With small force and strength it maye be bent
Putrynge thereto but lytell dylygence.
But after that it waxeth somewhat bigger
And to cast his braunches largely begynneth,
It is scant the myght of all thy power,
That one bowghe therof, easely bendeth,
This twygge to a chylde maye well be applyed
Which in his childehoode, and age of Infancie:
With small correction maye be amended,
Embracynge the Schole with harte and bodie.
Who afterwarde with ouer much lybertye,
And rangynge abrode with the Brydell of wyll.

Despyseth

Despyseth all vertue, learnynge and honestye,
And also his fathers mynde to fullfyll.
Wherby at the length it so falleth out
That this the ponge Stryplynge after that daye:
Runnes into confusyon without any doubte
And lyke for euermore quyte to decaye.
Wherfore take hede all ye that be parentes
And folowe a parte after my counsell,
Instructe your Chyldren and make them studentes
That vnto all goodnes they do not rebell
Remember what writeth Salomon the wyse,
Qui parcit virgae, odith filium.
¶ Therfore for asmuche as ye can deuyse
Spare not the Rodde, but folowe wisdome.
Further ye ponge men and Chyldren also
Lysten to me and harken a whyle,
What in fewe wordes for you I wyll showe,
Without any flatterye, fraude, or guyle.
This Richemans Sonne whome we dyd set forth,
Here euidently before your eyes:
Was (as it chaunced) nothinge worth,
Gyuen to all noughtyness, vyce, and lyes.
The cause wherof was this for a truth
His tyme full idlely he dyd spende,
And would not studye in his youth,
Which might haue brought him to a good ende.
His fathers cõmaundement he wolde not obaye,
But wantonly folowed his fantasye:
For nothynge that he couldе do or saye,
Would brynge this Childe to honestie.
And at the last (as here ye myght see:)
Upon a wyfe he fixed his mynde,

Thynkynge the same to be felicitie,
When in dede myserye came behynde.
For by this wyfe he carefully lyued,
Who vnder his father did want nothinge:
And in suche sorte was hereby tormented
That euer a none, he went lamentynge.
His father dyd wyll him lyghtnes to leaue
And onely to gyue him selfe vnto studye:
But yet vnto vertue he would not cleaue,
Which is cõmodious for soule and bodye.
you heard that by Sentences auncient and olde
He styred his Sonne as he best thought:
But he as an vnthryfte stowte and bolde,
His holsome counsell dyd set at nought.
And synce that he despysed his father
God vnto hym dyd sodeynly then sende:
Such pouertie with a wyfe, and griefe togyther
That shame and sorowe was his ende.
Wherfore to conclude, I warne you all
By your louynge parentes, alwayes be ruled:
Or els be well assured of suche a fall,
As vnto this ponginan worthely chaunced.
Worshyp God dayly, whiche is the chiefe thynge
And his holy lawes do not offende:
Looke that ye truely serue the kynge,
And all your faultes be glad to amende.
Moreouer, be true of hande and tonge,
And learne to do all thynges that be honest,
For no tyme so lytte, as when ye be ponge,
Because that age onely is the aptest.
I haue no more, to speake at this season,
For verye good wyll these thynges I dyd saye:

Bycauſe I do ſee that bertue is geaſon,
With moſt men and chyldren, at this daye.

¶ Here the reſt of the Players come in and kneele downe all togyther, eche of them ſayinge one of theſe Verſes.

And laſt of all, to make an ende,
O God to the we moſt humblye praye:
That to Queene Elizabeth thou do ſende
Thy lyuely pathe, and perfecte waye,
Graunte her in health to raygne.
With vs many yeares moſt proſperouſlye:
And after this lyfe for to attayne,
The eternall bylſſe, Ioye, and felycytie.
Our Byſchoppes, paſtoures, and Myniſters alſo
The true vnderſtandynge of thy woorde,
Both nyght and daye, nowe mercyfully ſhowe,
That their lyfe and preachynge maye godly accorde,
The Lordes of the Counſell, and the Nobylytie,
Moſt heauenly Father, we thee deſyre:
With grace, wiſdome, and godly polycie,
Their hartes and myndes, alwayes inſpyre.
And that we thy people duelye conſyderynge
The power of our Queene and great auctoryte,
Maye pleaſe thee and ſerue her without fayenge,
Lyuynge in peace, reſt, and tranquilytie.

¶ God ſaue the Queene.

¶ A Songe.

¶ A Songe.

Why doth the worlde studye vayngloye to atteyne
The prosperytye wherof is shorte and transitorye
Whose mighty power, doth fall downe agayne,
Lyke earthen pottes, that breaketh sodaynly.
¶ Beleue rather wordes that be wrytten in Ice
Then the wretched world with his subtyltie:
Disceptfull in giftes, men onelie to entyce,
Destytute of all sure credence and fydelytie.
¶ Gyue credyt more to men of true Judgemenles
Then to the worldly renowme and iapes:
Replenysched with dreames and vayne intentes,
Aboundynge in wicked and noughtye toyes.
¶ Where is now Salomon, in wisdome so excellent?
Where is now Sampson, in battell so stronge?
Where is now Absolon in Beautie resplendent?
Where is now good Jonathas hyd so longe?
¶ Where is now Cesar in victorye trymphynge?
Where is now Dives, in dysches so dayntie?
Where is now Tully in Eloquence excedynge?
Where is now Aristotle, learned so depely?
¶ What Emperours, kyngs, and Dukes in times past?
What Earles and Lordes, and Captaynes of warre?
What Popes and Bysshoppes, all at the last,
In the twynckynge of an eye are fled so farre?
¶ Howe shorte a feaste is this worldly ioyenge?
Euen as a shadowe it passeth awaye,
Deprivynge a man of Gyftes euerlastynge
Leadynge to darkedes and not to daye.

¶ O

¶ O meate of wormes, O heape of duste,
O lyke to dewe clyme not to hye:
To lyue to morowe, thou canst not truste,
Therfore now betyme helpe the nedye
¶ The fleschely Beautie, wherat thou doest wondre,
In holy Scripture is lykened to Haye:
And as a Leafe in a stormye weather,
So is mannes lyfe blowen cleane a waye,
¶ Calle nothynge thyne that maye be lost,
The worlde doth gyue and take agayne:
But set thy mynde on the holy Ghoste,
Despyse the worlde that is so vayne.

¶ Finis.

S. John Euangelist.

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